

# DIOGENES

## LANTHORNE

*Athens* I seeke for honest men;  
But I shall finde them God knowes when.



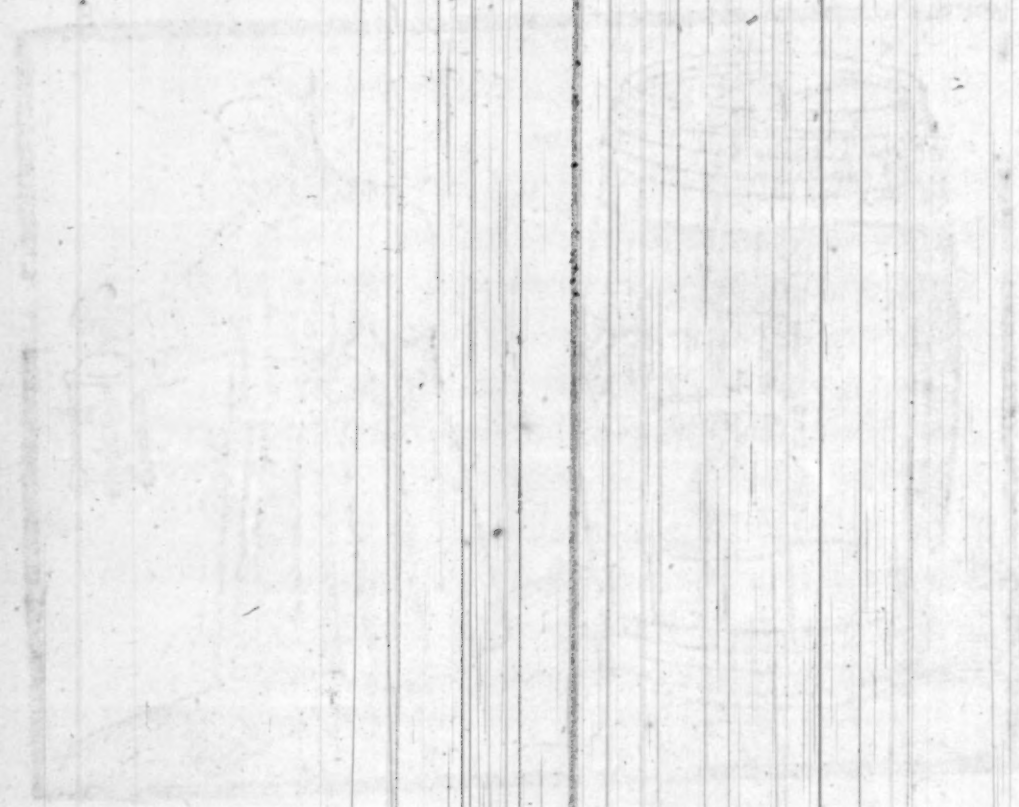
Ile search the Citie, where if I can see  
One honest man; he shall goe home with me.

LONDON

Printed for *Thomas Pauier*, and are to be solde at his shop  
in *Cornewall* at the signe of the *Catt* and the  
two *Parrats*. 1608

# DIOPHANTUS

Arithmetica



Original manuscript of Diophantus

1661



## Prologue.

**A**Nodde daies worke Diogenes once made,  
And t'was t'osceke an honest man he saide:  
Through *Athens* with a Candle he did goe,  
When people saw no cause he should doe so,  
For it was day-light and the Sunne did shine;  
Yet he vnto an humour did incline.  
To checke mens manners with some od-crosse iest,  
Whereof he was continually posselt.  
Full of reproofes, where he abuses sonnd  
And bould to speake his minde, who euer found  
Hespake as free to *Alexanders* face,  
As if the meanest plowman were in place,  
Twas not mens persons that he did respect,  
Nor any calling: Vice he durst drect.  
Imagine you doe see him walke the streetes,  
And euerie one's a knaue, with whome hee meetes  
Note their descriptions; which good censure craues,  
Then iudge if hee haue cause to count them knaues.

*Samuell Rowlands.*

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## DI O G E N E S *In his Lanthorne* Humour.



Ow fie vpon seeking  
honest men in knaues skines:  
I am euen as wearie as euer  
was Platons Dogge. Not a  
Streete, Lane, or Alley in  
Athens but I haue trod it,  
and cannot meete a man wo:  
thy the giuing good morrowe  
to: why what rascalls be  
these? haue they banisht honest men out of the towne  
quite? Alas poore Vertue, what hast thou done to de-  
serue this contempt? base is thy attire, as thrid-bare  
in thy apparrel as my Cowles: thy Companie out of  
request, for thou hast walked so long alone, that thou  
art euen walked away with thy selfe: there's no good-  
nes to be found, Al's set vpon villanie. Ponder walks  
Briberie, taken for an honest substantiall graue Citi-  
zen, I marle is he, pray make him one of your common  
Counsel.

There goes Crueltie and Extortion, put of your  
battes to him: tis well done, he is one of the principall  
and best in the parish, hee hath borne all offices, and ne-  
uer did good: a most abhominable rich fellowe, But  
how the Diuell came he by his welth? widowes, wi-  
dowes, thre or fouer olde rustie Golde-begeting wi-  
dowes

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

doves haue crown'd him with their wealths, and that wicked Hammon is dearer vnto him then his owne soule: Nay, if he had Five Thousand Soules, hee would sell them all for five thousand duckats of golde.

Stay let me see! what's hee? Oh tis Prodigalitie and his whore, a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are walking towarde the Suburbs of a Bawdie house for their recreation, Ponder rides the Bawde in her Coach before, and they two come leisurely (with the por) behinde, but will all meete together anon to make worke for the Chirurgian, who will answer their loose bodies with the Squirt.

Now Ile assure you though I laugh but sildome, I must needes make merry with yonder Ass, why hee is trapt for all the world like Alexanders Horse, such a feather in's head, so begarded, and the very same Trot: I haue knowne his Father well, he was a most graue Senator (in regard of his gray beard) and did much little good in the Citle, got wealth, and pile'd vp golde even as they pile vp Stock-fish in Island, and now his Sonne (the second part of a foole) has all all: marrie what doth he with it? Stay, (let me snuffe my Candle and Ile tell you) even like one of Signeur Scattergoods politicians he deuides it into partes: A greate portion for Dicing, a good some for Drinking, a parcell for whooring, a moitie for pride, a third for dauncing, six shares and a halfe for swaggering, and all the remainder for beggerie. Walke along knave, walke along.

Who haue we next comes creeping with the palsey in his ioints, a great leather pouch by his side as large as a Gammon of Bacon, his long Stockins: a side coate crosse-bard with velvet to his knees: Stay (light, light) let me see: oh I knowe the damned name tis Monsieur Vsurie, what a leane lankie thin gut it is: hee lookes maruallous like a long empty Cats-skinne purse, I would

## Diogines Lanthorne.

would I had his skinne to make me a summer paize of  
Buskins.

O what a blessednes is it to me, that I neuer came  
into such villaines clutches! what does he, pray, as hee  
goes his Chaps walke so aft? No, no, the Rogue is  
ruminating vpon his pawnes, hee chatwies the Cud in  
contemplation of Bonds and Willes, I dare be sworne  
hee neuer champs so much vpon his dinner or Supper,  
for his panck cries out on him, and all the gutts in his  
Wadding-house, rumble, and grumble at their slender  
allowance, He objects the olde pꝛouerbe to his belly,  
Many a sacke is tyed vp before it be full. I would  
I had the dyeting of him some month with my Rootes,  
I would send him deeper vnder Ground then ere they  
grew: the Caniball should neuer feede moze vpon poore  
men, and play the Dice-maker with their bones hang  
him rogue, hang him.

How now thou drunken knaue, Canst not see but  
reele vpon me? I would I had beene ware of thee, thou  
shouldst haue bozne me a good bange with my Staffe:  
what saue's this? as I liue I was al most downe.

Looke how his cloake hangs, one side to his ankles  
and th'other side to his elbowe: his steps take the  
Longitude and the latitude, hoise, hoise: This fellowe  
is now (in his owne conceit) mightely strong, for hee  
dares fight with any man: he is exceeding rich scoꝛnes  
money, and cares not for twentie thousand pound: hee  
is marueilous wise, and tut, tell not him, for he knowes  
moze then any man whatsoever. What's hee that dares  
refuse to pledge him? as sure as death if he could feele  
o; finde his Dagger, stabbes would be dealt: hearken  
how the villaine swears, there's all his hostesse hath  
in pawne for his score, Yet hee's a passing good Custo-  
mer for vtterance, about a Barrell a day goes downe  
his gutter. So take him in there at the red Lattice, hee  
has cast anchor at the blacke Anchor for this day. Kill  
him



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him of the best, for he is euen one of the best guesses  
that euer tooke vp sodden water with chalke-credit  
on a post. Out vpon him, out vpon him, He reade his  
destinie: die in a ditch knaue, or ende in an Hospitall  
rascall, chuse whether thou wilt.

How lookes yonder fellowe? whats the matter with  
him trow? has a eaten Bull-beef? there's a loftie Naue  
in deede, hee's in the altitudes: Ob ist you Master  
Ambition? I would be glad to see you hang'd a while  
for an ould acquaintance: a greale man with the Empe-  
ro: He assure you, a great man with the Empero:  
his voice is heard in the Court now, and his Fathers  
voice was wont to be heard in the Citie: For I haue  
heard him many a time and often crye byoomes in A-  
thens: a good plaine honest man and delt much with  
olde shoes: I heard him once tell this proud knaue (be-  
ing then a Boy) a good discourse of Iustice out of a  
Byoome: Sirra (saide hee) heere's Birch to correct you  
in Child-hood, and when you growe to be a great lub-  
ber, heere's a staffe to belabour you: If that will not  
serue to amend you, why then heere's euen a with to  
hang you vp: Amen saide I, hee's growing towards it a-  
pace: aspyring to rise hie, plotting to be mightie: and  
what tols has he out of the Diuells shop for his worke?  
Treason, Treason! he will ascend by Treason though  
he climbe the gallowes for it, and crack his necke in  
comming downe againe. If I salute him and put off  
my cappe, I would my Lanthorne weze in my Bellye.  
Vertue scoznes him, I knowe him not: Strout along  
Sirra, Strout along, for thou haste not long to strout it.

More knaues abzoade yet? yonders Boasting & Pre-  
sumption, I holde my life as olde as I am He take his  
Rapier from him with my walking staff, hee's al sound  
and byeath: tongue and talke, seares no man, cares for  
no man: beholding to no man: but trise his valoure, put  
him to it, see whats in him, dare him to the pzoofe, and  
theres

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there's mine emptie fellowe like a water bubble flying  
in the ayre till a puffe crack him: I neuer knewe (since  
I knewe reason) a wordie fellowe proue a worthy fel-  
low: a man must set his hand to his man-hood, and fin-  
ger it, it will not be had with wounds and blood, hart  
and nailes, as euerie rascally knaue makes account:  
whentwo currees meete, all the while they barke they  
haue no leysure to bite: Alexander had a bragging  
Souldier that swore he had kild five hundred men with  
hillips, yet this fellowe sware the peace against a woman  
that had broken his head with his owne Dagger: and  
tother day I followed a couple of notorious brag-  
garts into the field, one swore he would imbrue his  
Rapier hilts in the bowells of his foe, the other vowed  
to make him eate prou and Steele like an Estridge: whe  
they came to the place appointed, both drew their wea-  
pons, laide them presently downe, and went to buffets  
for a bloody nose, which I seeing, ran to the towne and  
cry'd murder, murder, and so brought three hundred peo-  
ple together to laugh at them. I could tell many like ex-  
amples of Signior feather-cappe and his fellowe, but  
that I spie another knaue comming, that puts me ont.

His Contention (nay Ile go lowe inough to the ken-  
nel, & shalt not tustle me for the wal) looke how he stares:  
see how a scowness, hee has had a poore man in Latue  
this thre yeare, for bidding his Dog Come out cuck-  
oldes curre, Yet if the Dog could speake, he would  
beare witnes against his Maister for home worke that  
he hath seene wrought by his Mistris in her chamber  
to make her husband night caps of.

Oh strife is the summe of his desires, tis the solace of  
his soule, he is nener well at harts ease if he be not  
wragling with one or other: ile try it by the lawe (saies  
he) the lawe shall iudge it: ile come to no agreement  
but lawe: ile pinch him by the lawe: I haue a hundred  
pound to spend at lawe: & all lawe, law: yet he himself  
is altogether void of equitie: hee'le neither take wrong

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no; doe right: bites his poore neighbour doggedlye by the backe, froznes his Supertour, tramples vpon his inferiour, and so he may be wzangling, cares not with whome it be, to keepe his hand in vze. He neuer went to bed in Charitte in his life, no; neuer wakes without meditating shrewde turnes. Oh he loues wonderfully to be feeding on the bzeade of Idisse, and imitates the Camels which delight to drinke in troubled pooles, well hee shall ioine no neighbour-hood with me for it: my Tunne standes farre enough off from his house: I had rather haue a Beare to my next neighbour, then such a bzabbling rascall: goe walke a knape in the horse-fayze, I haue nothing to say to thee but farewell and be hang'd and when thou art going that Iourney, take all thy selowes with thee.

Well met, o; rather ill met Hipocrisie: Ah thou smooth face villaine with the sawning tongue, art thou Become a Cittizen to? then looke about you plaine selowes, you shall be sure to want no deceit: he hates swearing, so doe I: tis well done to hate it, but he loues lying, and wil ouer-reach you in a bad bargaine, o; with false waight and measure: Yes indeede: I truly wil he. Heele sigh and say there's no Conscience now adales, and then makes his owne actions beare witnessse to it: by yea and nay if hee can he will deceiue you.

Looke to his hands, Harken not to his Tongue, and say I haue giuen you faire warning, for a Philosopher hath beene coulned by him. I had rather haue it saide, Diogines was decei'd, then to heare it reported hee is a deceiuer. I paide for a better Cap then I weare, And my Colone is scarce worth halfe the mony it cost me, marry what remedie? nothing: I haue learn'd by it onely A knacke to knowe a knaue: and while I liue Ile looke better to Yes truly, and I indeede: Hipocrisie shall neuer sell me good wordes againe



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againc while he liues: He neuer buye breath moze for money. If a theefe should meete me going home, and take away my purse, I would say I met with an honest man then he that couson'd me in the buying of my Cowne, for the theefe would proue: a man of his worde, and tel me what I should trust to in the peremptorie termes of Stand, Deliuer your purse.

But my Cowne-brother, he promist me good stuffs truely, a great penni-worthe indeede, and verily did gull me. But let me take my leane of my purse hee's a villaine, an arrant villaine, and I could euen finde in my heart to eate his Liner fride with parsley to morrowe morning to breakfast.

How now, whats the matter? whether goes all this hurly burley? heere's a clutter indeede. Now I see, now I see, Coufnage the Swaggerer is carried to prison, I heare the people say he hath stab'd the Constable, beate the watch, broke the Tapsters head, and lye with his Hostesse.

Heere's no villanie: pray search his pockets: I tolde you as much, false hart, false hand, and false Dice: what crooked tooles are those in's tother pocket: pick-locks pick-locks: This fellowe liues by his witts, but yet he longs not to wits common wealth: he sweares he is a Gentleman, but of what house? marrie Cheaters Ordinarie: an ingenious flane that workes a living out of hard bones, and has it at his fingers ends: euery man with him is a very rogue and a base gull: Hee threatens stabs and death, with hart, wounds & blood, yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chirurgon. He scoznes to dwell in a sute of apparrell a weeke: this day in Battin, to morrow in sackcloath, one day all new the next day alseame-vent: now on his backe, anon at the Brokers, and this by his reckoning is a gentlemans humour. Sure I can not denie but it may be so, but I pray the what humour is the gentlemā in? he is neuer

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(in my opinion) like to prooue gentleman by the humr.

Away with him, away with him, make sure worke, chaine and kennell him vp in Gaile, make him a knight of the dolorous Castle.

He will doe better farre tied vp then loose at liberty, let him not play the wandring Pilgrim in any case, there's no remedie for such wilde fellows but to tame them in the dungeon of darkenes: follow him close watch-men with your Halberts, least he shew you a newe dance cal'd ranne-awaies galliard. So, so, by this time he lies where hee's like to prooue lowlie if there be not some speedie remedie vs'd with a medicine made of hempseede, to kill his itch.

Who haue we next pray? I should knowe him by his vilanous scurrie lookes, a makes a wry mouth and has a grinning countenance, for all the worlde like L-raction: why tis he indeede, a rope stretch him, has not the Crows pickt out his eyes yet? See how hee laughes to himselfe, at yonder plaine Gentlewoman in theould fashion, because she has not the trash and trum-perie of mistris Loo se-legges about her.

Dost thou deride Ciuilitie knaue? Is detence become ridiculous? looke vppon thy selfe thou rascall, looke vppon thy selfe, whom all the wise men in the world may laugh to scozne indeede.

Thou haste nothing in thee, (If thy inside were turned outward) worthy of the least commendation, and yet such villaines will ener be scoffing (deriding and detracting, from those of the best spirits and worthiest endowments) learned mens workes, industrious mens traualles, graue mens counsells, famous mens vertues, and wise mens artes Detraction will spit venome at: nothing is well donne that flowes not from his durtie Inuention: he has scoffes for them he knowes not, and iests for them he neuer sawe, what a world's this, when a foole shall censure a Philosopher: a doubt, an Ideot,  
one

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one that hath wit in's heele and head alike, to conderne  
and depraue natures miracles for wit and wisdom.

This is he that can mend euerie thing that is ready  
made to his hand, detracting from the worthines of  
euerie mans worke: tis a villaine a right villaine byed  
and bozne, he came not long since along my Tub-house,  
and scoffing at me, asked me why I made it not a tap-  
house? Harry quoth I, I haue determined so to doe, but  
I want such a rogue as thou art, to make me a signe off:  
with thy at cald he me Dogge. Saide I, thou didst neuer  
heare me barked, but thou shalt feele me bite, and so thrust  
my pike staffe through his cheeks, that I made his teeth  
chatter in his head like a viper as he is.

May then we shall neuer have done, looke where Ie-  
losie is, as yellowe as if he had the yellowe laundice:  
his wife's an honest woman in my conscience, Loyall  
and true in Wedlocke, but because he like a fornicat-  
ting lascall viles common Curtezans, hee thinks her  
curtesies and their's are all alike to euerie man, come  
who will: his eyes followe her feete wheresoener shee  
goes: if any friend salute her, shee dares not replie, but  
must passe stranger-like without any shew of Curtesie:  
he sweares shee's a whore, and him selfe a large boynd  
Cuckolde, able to runne butt with all cuckoldes in the  
Towne.

May, hee's growne to such outrage, that hee is e-  
uen franticke with Iealosie, sometimes offering to  
lay wagers that no Bull dares encounter with his head,  
and that his boynes are more pretious then any Uni-  
corne: the Haberdasher cannot fit him with a hat wide  
enough, The Barber cannot trimme his fore-head  
close enough, and yet the por bath made his Beard thin  
enough: he saies he thinks theres not an honest wo-  
man in Athens to his knowledge, and the reason is,  
he is samllar with none but whores. A Bawdie-house  
is for his bodily exercise, and he can not liue without



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his lecherie, he hath whores of all complexions, whores of all sizes, and whores of all diseases: and this is the cause that the villanous fellow deemes all to be whores. But maisters marke the end of him that hath bene laid five times of the pore: if he bee not thoroughly frenche-fied, and well prepar'd for his venerie, then will I for seauen yeares eate hay with a horse: well, ile crosse the way to sotten side the Creeke, before he come too nigh me, I dare not indure him, tis good sleeping in a sound skinne: I would not be in's cote for Alexanders rich gowne, out stinking knave out. Holde off thy Cart knave, wilt ouer-runne me? thy horse hath more honesty in him then thou, for he avoids me, and thou drawst vpon me. So villaine so, Cursse the creature that gets thy living, and see how thou wilt thrive by it. Thou blinde knave Porter, dost rush vpon me with thy basket, and then sayest by your leave? he like thou meant to tussle me againe, for thou didst aske no leaue the first time before hand, what brutish slaues doe I meete with? my staffe shall meete with some of you anon: take thou that knave for crying becomes so lowd in mine eares, heeres a quolle indeede, your Citty whistlings, rombling, and tumbling, is not for my humoz. What a filthie throte has that Dyffer-wife, I thinke twilleccho in my bzaire-pa this houre. This is the raging Creeke of out-cries, ile out-walke it with all the speede I can.

Whereto haue I met with neuer an honest man, well ile burne out my Candles-end, and then make an end and get me home. So, this is good to begin with all: Had your Creeke neuer a knave to encounter my first entrance but Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen, This is he that sets Countries and Kingdomes together by the eares, breeds Citties mutinies, and domesticall contentions, Prince against Prince, Patton against Patton, kindred, Neighbour, friend, at at variance.

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variance. This is hee that calls Peace with her palms tree, idle huswife, and sounds defiance throughout the whole world: you are wrong'd (saies hee) put not by such a vile indignitie: this disgrace no man-hood can indure, your valour and reputation is in state of prejudice, tis wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wise put it by, for the whole world takes notice of it, and all men will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made me fall out with Plato, cal him proude fellowe, and trample vpon his bed, because it was somewhat handsomer and better deckt then mine. In all his life time, (and ile assure you tis an olde, gray, leane, dype, rotten-bon'd villaine) did hee neuer shewe chearefull countenance but at the sight of some mischiese: he would rather bite his tongue than bid any man good morrow. So, so, now it workes, hee's got amongst a crewe of scolding fish-wives, off goes her head-tye, haue at tothers throate, to her greene waste-cote, why now it workes like war.

Thrust in cut-purse for there's good penni-woorths to be had amongst them, thy trade is like to be quick by and by, customers come apace, make a priuie search without a Constable, ile stay no longer with you, a rope rid you all. How he vpon thee shewenly knaue, when didst thou washe thy face? Herre's Sloth right in his kinde: the hat he weares all day, at evening becoms his night-cap, his frieze Gowne sconce, wherein he intrenches him selfe, is at least thirtie thousand strong: Garter thy hose beaust, garter thy hose, or wil the por indure no garters?

This fellowe I remember comming to a fig-tree, being so extreame lazie that he could not stretch his arme out to gather any, laide him selfe downe vpon his backe, and gaping, cry'd:

Sweete

## Diogenes an' horn:

Sweete Figges drop downe in yeelding wise,  
For Lazie will not let me rise.

This is he that riseth late, and goes early to Bed, by to eat and downe to sleep, scornes to labour, for he is as stiffe jointed as the Elephant, and rather then hee would indure halfe an howers labour, he would willingly chuse a whole houres hanging. I knowe no vse in the world for him, except to keepe the cittie bread from moulding, and the towres liquoz from sowng.

This is he, that lying at ease bypon his backe, where a Cart was to passe, intreated the Carman to drawe casie ouer him, for he could not rise yet, til his laste fit was past: this is he that could rather be lowlie then endure to haue his shirt wash'd, and had rather goe to bed in hole and shooes then stoops to pull them off. Hee's fitted with a wife euen pat of his owne humoz, for tother day heating broth for her husbands breakfast, the Cat cry'd mew in the porridge-pot: wife (saide he) take out pooze Duffe, alas how came she here? with that sheooke out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the porridge from her into the pot, they two went louingly to breakfast with it.

A shame take them both for filthie companions, for their broth is abhominable: who, then we shall neuer bene done: heeres hell broke loose, swarming together. Derision, he goes before, and scoffes euerie man hee meetes: doost laugh at my lanthorne kinaue, because I vse Candle-light by day? why villaine tis to seeke such as you'l neuer be: Honest men.

Violence he walkes with him, beel'e do iniurie to his owne Father if he can, al that he weares on his backe and all that he puts in's bellye, is got by Oppression, wrong, and crueltie: he cares not how he gets it, so he get it, noz from whence he take it, so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in their consozt, an inhu-  
mane



## Diogenes Lanthorne.

mane and vnciuill sauadge, if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day, he would neuer giue a thousand good wordes in a yeare for them.

Impatience is another of their fraternitie: a raging knaue, an vquiet turbulent rogue, hee'le allow time for nothing, al's at a minutes warning that he calls for: hee'le rage, raile, curse & sware, that a wise mā would not for ten pound be within ten myles of him.

Who's the other: holde vp thy head knaue: O tis Dulnes, the most notozious block-head that euer pist: instruct him till your tongue ake, he has no eares for you: theres nothing in him but the Asses vertue, thats dull melancholie: how lumpish a lookes: out rascalles out: Now a murraine take you all, I did neuer make a worse dayes worke in my life then I haue done to day: heere's a Cittie well blest, is well prouided I warrant you, If a man should neede an honestmans help, where should he find him? Well, farwell Athens I and my Tubbe scoznes thee and thy Citizens.

## Diogenes lost labour.

**P**Hilosopher, thy labour is in vaine,  
Put out thy candle, get thee home againe,  
If company of honest men thou lacke,  
They are so scarce, thou must alone go backe,  
But if thou please to take some knaues along,  
Giue but a beck, & store will flock and throng.  
He that did vomit out his house and land,  
Euen with a wincke, will ready come to hand.  
And he of whome thou didst ten shillings craue  
As thinking nere againe his almes to haue,

C

Because

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Because he was a prodigall in waste,  
And to vndoehim selfe made wondrous haste.  
If thou hast come to see him in the Tonne,  
He will be ready both to goe and runne.  
O those same drunken fadlers, thou didst finde  
A tuning wood, when they themselves were blinde  
Whom thou didst with thy staffe belabour wel:  
Thet' I sing about the Tub where thou dost dwell.  
All those that were presented to thy sight,  
When thou soughtst honest men by Candle-light,  
Take a step back, they in the Citty be,  
With many hundreds which thou didst not see.  
Houses of Rascalls, shops euen full of knaves,  
Tauerne and Ale-house filld with drunken slaues.  
Your Ordinaries and your common-Janes  
Are whole sale ware-houses of common sinnes.  
Into a bawdie house thou didst not looke,  
Nor any notice of their caperings tooke. (straps  
Bawds with their puncks, and Wanders with their  
Whores with their feathers in their velvet caps,  
Those Sallamaunders that doe bathe in fire.  
And make a trade of burning lusts desire.  
That doe salute them whom they entertaine,  
With A pox take you till we meete againe.  
Nor those which daily Pouices entice,  
To lend them money vpon cheating dice.  
And in the bowling-allies rooke with betting,  
By three, and foure to one, most basely getting.  
All these vnseene appeare not to thy face,  
With many a Cut-purse in the market place,  
That searches pockets being silver linde,  
If Counterfets about men he can finde.  
And hath Commission for it so to deate  
Under the hang-mans warrant, hand and seale.

Innyme-

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Innumerable such I could repeate,  
That vse the craft of Coney-catch and cheate,  
The Cities vermin, worse then Rats & Mice  
But leane the Actors, to reward of vice:  
He that reproues it, shewes a detestation,  
He that corrects it, workes a reformation.  
Who does more wrongs and inuoltes abide,  
Then honest men that best are qualified?  
They that doe offer least abuse to any,  
Must be prepared for induring many.  
but heres the comfort that the vertuous finde  
Their Hell is first, their heauen is behinde,

## Diogenes Morrall

A Cock stood crowing proud,  
Fast by a Kiner side:  
A Goose in water hist at him,  
And did him much deride:  
The Cocke in choller grew,  
Howling by him that made him,  
That he would fight with that base goose,  
Though all his Hennes disswade him.  
Come but a shoue quoth he,  
White liner if thou dare,  
And thou shalt see a bloody day,  
Thy thyoate shall soone be bare.  
Base craven said the goose,  
I scozne to beare the minde,  
So come a shoue amongst a crew  
Of scraping dungbill kinde:  
Thy Hennes will back thee there,  
Come heather chaunting slave.



Diogenes Lamthorne

And in the water hand to hand,  
A combat we will haue.  
Heere's none to interrupt,  
I challenge thee come heere:  
If there be valour in thy combe  
Why let it now appeere.  
Enter the watry field,  
He spoile thy crowing night:  
Why dost not come? oh now I see,  
Thou hast noe heart to fight.  
With that the Cocker replide,  
There was noe want in him:  
But sate the water was soe bad,  
It would not let him swim.

*Morall*

**I**T happens alwaies thus  
When cowards doe contend:  
With wrangling wordes they doe begin,  
And with those weapons end.  
Nothing but vaunts are vs'd,  
Till tryall should be made:  
And when they come to action  
Each of other are affraid,  
Then for to keepe skinnies whole,  
It is a common vse:  
To enter in some drunken league,  
Or make a cowards scuse.

A great

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

**A** Great assembly met of Mice,  
Who with them selues did take aduice,  
What plot by policie to shape,  
How they the bloody Cats might scape.  
At length, a graue and auntient House,  
(Belike the wisest in the house)  
Gave counsell (which they all lik'd well)  
That eu'ry Cat should weare a Bell:  
For so (quoth he) we shall them heare,  
And flee the danger which we feare,  
If we but heare a Bell to ting,  
At eating Cheese, or any thing,  
When we are busie with the nippe,  
Into a hole we straight may skippe,  
This aboue all they liked best:  
But quoth one mouse vnto the rest,  
Which of vs all dares be so stout,  
To hang the Bel Cats pecks about,  
If heere be any let him speake  
Then all replide we are to weake.  
The stoutest House, and tallest Kat,  
Doe tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

## Morrall.

**T**Hus fares it with the weake,  
Whome mightie men doe wrong  
They by complaint may with redresse,  
But none of force so strong  
To worke their one content:  
For euery one doth feare,  
Where crueltie doth make abode,  
To come in presence there.

Diogines Lanthorne.

**T**he Owle being wearie of the night,  
would progresse in the Sunne  
To see the little birds delight,  
And what by them was done.  
But comming to a stately groue,  
Adorn'd with gallant greens  
where peares proud Summer season,  
Most beautilous to be seene (Atroue,  
Helights no sooner on a tree,  
That Summers liuerie weares:  
But all the little birdes that be  
Where flock'd about his cares.  
Such wondring and such noise they kept,  
Such chitring and such peeping:  
The Owle for anger could haue wept,  
Had not shame bindzed weeping.  
At length he made a solemne vow,  
And thus vnto them spake:  
You haue your time of pleasure now,  
An Owle of me to make.  
But ere to morrow light appeare,  
In dawning of the East,  
Fifue hundred of you that are heere,  
I will dispatch at least.  
If that I crush you not most rare,  
Why then Ioue let me die:  
A Littimons I well not spare,  
Nor the least Wizen doth sile.  
And so at night when all was hush,  
The Owle with furious minde:  
Did search and pry in euerie bush,  
With sight when they were blinde.  
He rent their flesh and bones did beake,  
Their feathers flew in th'aire:

And



Diogines Lanthorne.

And cruellie with bloodie beake  
Those little creatures feare.  
Now am I well reueng'd (quoth he)  
For that which you haue done:  
And quitted all my wrongs by Poore  
Were offered in the Sinne.

*Morrall.*

**C**ainst mightie one, the weake of strength,  
May not themselves oppose:  
For if they doe, twill proue at length,  
To wail the weakeest goes.  
The little shrubs must not contend  
Against the taller trees:  
Nor meaner sort seeke to offend,  
Their betters in degrees.  
For though amongst their owne consorts  
Superiors they deride:  
And wrong them much by false reports,  
At length Time turnes the Tide.  
There comes a change, the wills they wrought  
In selfe conceit tought good:  
May be in the'nd too deerely bought,  
Euen with the price of blood.

**A** Cobler kept a scurvie Crowe,  
A Bird of basest kinde,  
and paines inough he did bestowe,  
To worke her to his minde.  
At length he taught her verse well,  
To speake out verie loude:

God

Diogenes Lanthorne,  
God saue the king, and troth to tell,  
The Cobler then grewe proude.  
He was so good to hop about  
Upon his onle-hoore stall;  
But he vnto the Court would strout,  
His bird should put downe all  
Their painted parrats: So he went  
To Cæsar with Iack-daw,  
And saide to him, he did present  
Best bird that ere he saw.  
The Monarch gracions minde did shewe  
For Coblers poore good will:  
And made a Courtier of the Crowe,  
Where he remain'd, vntill  
He standing in a windowe, spide  
His fellows flic along:  
And knewe the language which they cry'd,  
Was his one Mother song.  
Away goes he the way they went,  
And altogether flic,  
A poore dead Horse to teare and rent  
That in a ditch did lie.  
When they had shar'd him to the bone  
Not a crows mouthfull left:  
To a Cozne-field they flic each-ono  
And there they fall to theft.  
This life the Coblers Crowe did chuse,  
Pick's itting out of strawe:  
And courtly dyet did refuse  
Euen like a foolish Dawe.

Morrall

## Diogenes Lanthorne

### *Morrall.*

**H**EE that from basenes doth deriue,  
The roote of his descent:  
And by preferment chance to thrive,  
The way that Iack-dawe went:  
Whether in Court or Common-wealth;  
In Citie or in towne,  
How ere he pledge good fortunes health,  
Heel'e liue and die a clowne.  
Dawes will be dawes, though grac'd in Court,  
Crowes will to carrion still,  
Like euer vnto like resort,  
The bad imbrace the ill.  
And though euen from a Coblers stall,  
He purchase land, what then,  
With Coblers heel'e conuerse with all,  
Rather then better men.

**T**He Lyon in an humour once  
As with his pleasure stood,  
Commaunded that on paine of death,  
None beastes should voide the wood,  
Not any one to tarry there,  
That had an armed head,  
This was no sooner publish'd forth  
But many hundzeds fled,  
The Heart, the Backe, the Vnicorne,  
Ramme, Bull, and Goate consent  
With haste, post-hast to runne away  
Their dangers to prevent.



## Diogenes Lanthorne

With this same crew of Horned kinde  
That were perplexed so,  
A Beast consoys, vpon whose head,  
Onely a Men did grow.  
The For met him, and saide thou foole,  
Why whether dost thou runne?  
Dary (quoth hee) to saue my life,  
Hear'st thou not what is done?  
Horne creatures all haue banishment  
And must auoide the place,  
For they are charg'd vpon their liues.  
Euen by the Lyons grace.  
True (saide the For) I knowe it well  
But what is that to thee?  
Thou hast no Horne, thy wen is fleshy,  
Tis euent to see.  
I graunt (quoth hee) tis so indeede,  
Yet nere-thelesse I leaue;  
For it be taken for a horne  
Wray in what case am I?  
Sure (saide the For) it's wisely done  
I blame thee not in this,  
For many wrongs are dayly wrought  
By taking things amisse.

## Morrall.

Wise-men will euer dout the worst,  
In what they take in hand,  
And seeke that free from all suspect,  
They may securely stand.  
Remouing euery least offence,  
That may a danger breede,

For

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

For when a man is in the pit,  
It is too late to take heed.  
If mightie men doe censure wrong,  
How should the weaker resist?  
It is in vaine to contend with him,  
That can doe what he list,  
The best and most reposed life,  
That any man can finde,  
Is this; to keepe his conscience free,  
From spotted guiltie minde.

**A** Savage creature chanc'd to come,  
Where civill people dwell,  
Whome they did kindly entertaine,  
And courteous with him delt:  
They fed him with their choicest fare,  
To make his welcome knowne,  
And divers waies their humane love  
Was to the wilde-man shewne.  
At length (the weather being colde)  
One of them blew his nailes,  
The Savage ask'd why hee did so?  
And what his fingers ailes:  
Harry (quoth he) I make them warme,  
That are both colde and numme,  
And so they set them downe to boorde,  
For supper time was come.  
The man that blew his nailes before,  
Upon his bzoeth did blow:  
Friend, saies the Savage what meanes this,  
I preethee let me know:  
My bzoeth (saide he) is ever hot,  
And I doe coole it thus

### Diogenes Lanthorne.

Farewell (quoth he) this deede of thine,  
For ever parteth vs,  
Haile thou a breath blowes hot and colde,  
Euen at thy wish and will:  
I am not for thy company,  
Pray keepe thy Supper still  
And heate thy hands, and coole thy bzoth,  
As I haue seene thee doe,  
Such double dealers as thy selfe,  
I haue no minde vnto,  
But will retire vnto the woods,  
Where I tofore haue bin,  
Resolving euery double tongue  
Hath hollow heart within.

### Morrall.

**A** Heedefull care wee ought to haue,  
When wee doe friends elect,  
The pleasing gesture and good wordes,  
Wee are not to respect,  
For curteous carriage oftentimes  
May haue an ill intent:  
And gracious wordes may gracelesse prooue,  
Without the hearts consent.  
Let all a voide a double tongue,  
For in it there's no trust,  
And banish such the company,  
Of honest men meane iust:  
A counterfeits societie,  
Is neuer free from danger,  
And that man liues most happie life,  
Can liue to such a stranger.

When



Diogenes Lanthorne.

**W**hen winters rage and cruell frozmes,  
 Of euerie pleasant tree,  
 Had made the bowes sturke naked all,  
 As bare as bare might bee,  
 And not a flower left in felds,  
 Noz greene on bush or bryer:  
 But all was robd in piteous plight,  
 Of Summers rich attyre.  
 The Grasshopper in great distresse,  
 Vnto the Ant did come  
 And said deere friend I pine for foode,  
 I pray thee giue me some.  
 Thou art not in extreames with me,  
 I knowe thine euer care  
 For winters want hard and distresse  
 In summer both prepare,  
 Know'st thou my care replied the Ant?  
 And dost thou like it well?  
 Therefore prouid'st not thou the like?  
 Say thee Grasshopper tell,  
 Harry (saide hee) the Summer time,  
 I pleasantly doe passe,  
 And sing it out most merrily,  
 In the delightfull grasse,  
 I take no care for time to come,  
 My minde is on my song.  
 I thinke the glorious Sunne-shine daies,  
 Are everlasting long.  
 When thou art hording vp thy foode,  
 Against these hungry daies,  
 Inclined vnto prouidence,  
 Pleasure I onely praise,  
 This is the cause I come to thee,  
 To helpe me with thy roze:

### Diogenes Lanthorn

Thou art deceiv'd friend saide the Ant,  
I labours not therefore.  
It was not for you I did promise,  
With tedious toilsome paines:  
But that my selfe of labours past  
Might have the future gaines.  
Such idle ones must buy their witt,  
Tis best when deere bought:  
And note this lesson to your shame:  
Which by the Ant is taught,  
If Summer be your singing time,  
When you doe merry make:  
Let winter be your weeping time,  
When you must penance take.

### Morrall.

Neglect not time, for precious Time  
Is not at thy commaund,  
But in thy youth and able strength,  
Giue providence thy hand.  
Repose not trust in others helpe,  
For when misfortun's fall,  
Thou maiest complaine and pine in want  
But friends will vanish all.  
Theile heape reproofes vpon thy heade,  
And tell thy follies past:  
And all thy actes of neglygence,  
Euen in thy teeth will cast. (haue gain'd  
Thou might'st haue got, thou might'st  
And liued like a man:  
Thus will they speake filling thy soule,  
With extreame passion than:

Preuent

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Preuent this foolish after-wit,  
That comes when tis to late:  
And trust not ouer much to friends,  
To helpe thy hard estate.  
Make youth the summer of thy life,  
And therein loyter not:  
And thinke the Winter of olde age,  
Will spend what summer got.

**A** Lustie begger that was blinde,  
But very strong of limbe:  
Agreede with one was lame of legges,  
That he would carrie him.  
And tother was to guide the way.  
(For he had perfect sight.)  
Upon condition, all they got,  
Shoulde still be thar'o at night.  
So as they chaunced to passe along,  
The Cripple that had eyes,  
Sitting vpon the blinde mans backe,  
On ground an Oyster spies.  
Stoope take that Oyster vp (quoth hee)  
Which at thy feete lyes there:  
And so he did, and put it in,  
The scrip which he did weare.  
But going on a little way,  
Saieth Cripple, to the blinde:  
Giue me thr Oyster thou tookest vp,  
I haue thereto a minde.  
Not so saied tother by your leane.  
In vaine you doe intreate it:  
For sure I keepe it for my selfe,  
And doe intend to eate it.



## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Ile haue it for the Cripple Iwoze,  
Who spide it, thou or I?  
If that I had not seene, and spoke,  
Thou wouldest haue passed by.  
It is no matter saide the blinde,  
Thou knowest it might haue lyeen,  
Had I not stoopt and tooke it vp,  
Wherefore it shall be mine.  
And so they hotly fell at woordes,  
and out in choller brake  
With thou lame rogue, and thou blinde knave,  
Not caring what they spake,  
At length it happened one came by,  
And heard them thus contend,  
And did intreat them, both, that hee,  
Might this their discord end.  
They yeeld and say it shall be so,  
Then hee inquiring all,  
Did heare their league, and how about  
An Differ they did bzall.  
Saide hee my maisters let me see  
This Dyster makes such strife,  
The blindeman forthwith gaue it him  
Who present drew his kniffe,  
And opening it eat vp the same,  
Giuing them each a shell  
And saide good fellows now be friends  
I haue yout fish, far well.  
The beggers both deluded thus,  
At their one foily smilde,  
And saide one subtil craftie knave,  
Had two poore fooles beguilde.

DiogenesLanthorne.

*Morrall.*

**W**Hen men for trifles will contend,  
And vainely disagree,  
That oft for nothing friend and friend,  
At Daggers drawing be.  
When no discretion there is v<sup>s</sup>de  
To qualifie offence:  
But reason is by will abus'd,  
and anger doth incense.  
When some in furie seeke their wish,  
And some in mallice swells,  
Perhaps some Lawyere takes the fish,  
And leaues his Clyent shells,  
Then when their folly once appeares,  
They ouerlate complaine:  
And wish the wit of fore-gonyeares,  
Were now to buy againe.

**W**ithin a groue, a gallant groue,  
That woze greene Summers sute,  
An Dre, an Asse, an Ape, a For,  
Each other kind salute.  
And louingly like friends embrace,  
And much good manners vse:  
At length saies th' Dre vnto the Asse,  
I pray thee friend what newes?  
The Asse look'd sad and thus replied,  
No newes at all quoth he:  
But I growe ever discontent.  
When I doe meete with thee.

**E**

**The**

DiogenesLanthorne.

The Ore look'd strange, and stepping backe  
Quoth hee deere neighbour Ass,  
Haue I wrong'd thee in all my life,  
Mouthfull of Hay or grasse?  
Assure thy selfe if that I had,  
I would grieue me very much:  
No kinde bedfellow saide the Ass,  
My meaning is not such.  
On Iupiter I doe complaine,  
It is he wrongs me alone:  
In arming thee with those large hoynes,  
And I poore wretch haue none.  
Thou wearst two weapons on thy head,  
I by body to defend,  
Against the stoutest dogge that barks,  
Thou boldly dar'st contend.  
When I haue nothing but my skinne,  
With two long foolish eares:  
And not the basest goose that lines,  
My hate or furie feares,  
This makes me sad, and dull, and slowe,  
And of a heavy pace:  
When en'ry scurvy shepherds curie,  
Doth bzaie me to my face.  
Sure quoth the ape, as thou art græned,  
So I hard dealing finde:  
Looke on the ffor, and looke on me,  
Pray viewe vs well behinde.  
And thou wilt sweare, I know thou wilt,  
Except thy eye-sight failes:  
What natuer lack'd a paire of eyes,  
When shee maide both our talles.  
I wander what her reason was,  
To alter thus our shapes:

There's



## Diogenes Lanthorne.

There's not a fore but hath a taile,  
Would serue a dozen apes,  
Yet wee thou see'st goe bare arse all,  
For each man to deride:  
I tel thee brother Asse I blush,  
To see my owne backside,  
I must indure a thousand iesses,  
A thousand scottes and scoznes,  
Nature deales bad with me for talley,  
And hard with thee for hoznes.  
With this, the ground began to stirre,  
And forth a little hole.  
A creeping fore leg'd creature came,  
A thing is cald a Mole,  
Quoth he my maisters I haue hard  
What felts you two do finde:  
Wat Talle and Hoznes, pray looke on me  
By nature formed blinde:  
You haue no cause thus to complaine,  
Of your, and your defect,  
For vse dam Nature harde with woordes,  
If me you doe respit,  
The thing for which you both complaine,  
Are vnto me denide:  
And that with patience I endure,  
And, moze am blinde beside.

## Morrall.

**V**VE ought cōplaine, repine and grudge,  
at our dislike estate:  
and deeme our selues (our selues not pleas'd)  
To be vnfortunate.

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

None match'd with more extreame then we,  
None plung'd in sorrow so;  
When not by thousand parts of want,  
Our neighbours griefs we know.  
Most men that haue sufficiencie,  
To serue for natures neede:  
Doe wrong the god of nature  
And vngratefully proceede.  
They looke on others greater gifts,  
And enuiously complaine:  
When thousands wanting what they haue,  
Contented doe remaine.

**T**H' Astronomer by night did walke,  
(He and his globe together)  
Hauing great busines with the starres,  
About the next yeares weather.  
He did examine all the skie.  
For tempests winde and raime:  
And what diseases were to come,  
The planets tolde him plaine,  
The disposition of the Spring  
The state of Summer tide,  
The Harvest fruite, and Winters frost,  
Most plainly he espide,  
He did conferre with Iupiter  
Saturne and all the Seauen:  
And grew exceeding baiste, with  
Twelue houses of the heauen.  
But while with staring eyes he lookes,  
What newes the starres could tell:  
Upon the sodaine do woe he comes  
Headlong into a well.

Helye

## Diogenes Lanthorne

Helpe, helpe, he calls, or else I drowne,  
Do helpe, hee will do cry:  
Untill it chaunc'd some passengers,  
Came verrey early by.  
And hearing him, did helpe him out,  
In a drownd mouses case:  
When question'd with him how he came,  
In that same colde wet place?  
Harry (quoth hee) I look'd on hie,  
Not thinking of the ground:  
And tumbled in this scurvy Well,  
Where I hadlike bin drownd.  
Which when they hard and knew his art  
They sayling said. Friend stranger:  
Willst thou fore-tell things are to come,  
And knowest not present daunger?  
Hast thou an eye for heauen, and  
For earth so little wit:  
What while thou gazest after starres,  
Do tumble in a pit?  
What thou tell (looking oze thy head)  
What weather it will be?  
And deadly daunger at thy foote,  
Thou hast no eyes to see?  
Wee give no credit to thy Art,  
Nor doe esteeme thee wise:  
Do tumble headlong in a well,  
With gazing in the skies.

## Morrall.

**M**Any with this Astronomer,  
Greate knowledge will pretēd:  
E 3 Those



## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Those gifts they haue, their haughtie pride  
Will to the skies commend.  
Their lookes must be aspiring,  
For ambition aimes on hie)  
(ortunes aduancements makes them dream  
Of Castles in the skie:  
But while bewitching vanitie,  
Deludes them with renowne:  
asodaine alteration, with  
a vengeance pulles them downe.  
and when the meanest sort of men,  
Whome they do abiect call:  
Will stand in scorne; and point them out  
and censure of there fall.

**G**reat alexander came to see,  
My Mansion being a tunne:  
And doode directly opposite,  
Betweene me, and the Sunne.  
Horrore (quoth he) Philosopher,  
I yeelde thee time of day:  
Harry (saide I) then Empero;  
I prethee stand away,  
For thou depriest me of that,  
Why power hath not to gine:  
For all thy mightie fellow kings,  
That on earths foote-ball line.  
Stand backe I say, and rob me not,  
To wrong me in my right:  
The Sunne woule shine vpon me,  
But thou tak'st away his light.  
With this he stept aside from me,  
And smiling did intreate:

That

## Diogenes Lanthorne

That I would be a Courtier,  
For hee lik, & my conceit.  
He haue thy house brought nie my court,  
I like thy vaine so well:  
A neighbour verie neare to me,  
I meane to haue thee dwell.  
If thou bestow that paine (q20th I)  
Pray when the worke is done,  
Remooue thy Court and carry that  
A good way from my Tunnne.  
I care not for thy neighbour-hood,  
Thy Treasure, trash I hold:  
I doe esteeme my Lanterne ho3ne,  
As much as all thy golde.  
The costliest cheere that earth affords,  
(Take Sea and aire to boote)  
I make farre lesse account thereof,  
Then of a carret roote.  
For all the robes vpon thy backe,  
So costly, rich, and strange:  
This plaine pooze Gowne, thou seest me weare  
Thy2ed-bare I will not change.  
For all the pearle and Precious stones,  
That is at thy commaund:  
I will not giue this litle Booke,  
That heere is in my hand.  
For all the citties, countries, Townes,  
And kingdomes thou hast got:  
I will not giue this emptie Tunnne  
For I regard them not.  
Say if thou wouldst exchangr thy crown,  
For this same cap I weare:  
Or giue thy Scepter for my Staffe,  
I would not do't I sweare.

Doest

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Doest see this tub? I tell thee man  
It is my common wealth:  
Doest see yon water? tis the wine  
Doth keepe me sound in health.  
Doest see these rootes that grow about  
The place of my abode?  
These are the dainties which I eate,  
My back'd, my robe, my sod.  
Doest see my simple three-foote stoole?  
It is my chaire of state:  
Doest see my poore plaine wooden dish?  
It is my silver plate.  
Do'st see my wardrope then beholde  
This patched seame-rent gowne:  
Doest see yon mat and bull-rushes?  
Why th'are my bed of downe.  
Thou coun'st me poore and beggerly,  
Alas good carefull King,  
When thou art often sighing sad,  
I chearfull sit and sing.  
Content dwelles not in Pallaces,  
And Courts of mightie men:  
For if it did, assure thy selfe,  
I would turne Courtier then.  
No Alexander th'art deceiu'd,  
No censure of me so:  
That I my sweete contented life  
(For troubles) will forgoe:  
Of a reposed life tis I,  
Can make a iust report:  
That haue moze vertues in my Tun,  
Then is in all thy Court.  
For what yeelds that but vanities,  
Ambition, Enuy, Pride:



## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Oppression, wrongs and crueltie,  
Pay euery thing beside.  
These are not for my company,  
Ile rather dwell thus odde,  
Whoe euer walkes amongst sharpe thornes,  
Had neede to goe well shodde.  
On mightie men I cannot saue  
Let flat terie crouch and creepe:  
The worlde is naught, and that man's wise,  
Least league with it doth keepe.  
A crowne is heauie wearing, King,  
It makes thy head to ake:  
Great Alexander, great accounts  
Thy greatnesse hath to make.  
Who seeketh rest and for the same  
Doth to thy court repayre:  
Is wise like him that in an Egge  
Doth seeke to finde a Hare.  
If thou hadst all the worlde thine owne,  
That worlde would not suffice:  
Thou art an Eagle (mightie man)  
And Eagles catch no flies.  
I like thee for thy patience well,  
Which thou doest shew, to beare me:  
Ile teach thee somewhat for thy paines,  
Draw but a little neare me:  
Some honest proverbes that I haue,  
Upon thee ile bestowe:  
Thou didst not come so wise to me  
As thou art like goe.

**H**E that performes not what he ought,  
But doth the same neglect:  
Let him be sure not to receiue  
The thinge he doth expect.

F

When

### Diogenes Lanthorne.

When once the tall and lofty Tree  
Vnto the ground doth fall:  
Why euery Peasant hath an Axe  
To he we his boughes withall.

He that for vertue merriys well  
And yet doth nothing clayme:  
A double kinde of recompence  
Deserueth for the same.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goest  
And thy companions tell,  
I will resolute thee what thou doest,  
Whether ill done or well.

He knows enough that knoweth nought  
If he can silence keepe:  
The Tongue oft makes the heart to sigh,  
The Eyes to waile and weepe.

He takes the best and choysiest course,  
Of any man doth liue:  
That takes good counsell, when his friend  
Doth that rich Iewell giue.

Good horse and bad, the Ryder sayes,  
Must both of them haue Spurres:  
And he is sure to rise with Fleas  
That lyes to sleepe with Curreys.

He that more kindnes sheweth thee  
Then thou art vs'd vnto,  
Eythre already hath deceiu'd  
Or shortly meanes to do.

## Diogenes Lanthorn

Birds of a feather and a kinde,  
Will still together flocke:  
He'd neede be verie streight himselfe,  
That doth the crooked mocke.

I haue obserued diuers times,  
Of all sortes olde and young:  
That he which hath the lesser heart,  
Hath still the bigger tongue.

He that's a bad and wicked man,  
Appearing good to th'eye:  
May doe thee many thousand wrongs,  
Which thou can neuer spie.

In present want, deferre not him  
Which doth thy helpe require:  
The water that is farre off fetch'd  
Quencheth not neighbours fire.

He that hath money at his will,  
Meate, Drinke, and leasure takes:  
But he that lackes, must mend his pace,  
Neede a good Foote-man makes.

He that the Office of a friend,  
Vprightly doth respect:  
Must firmly loue his friend profest,  
With fault and with defect.

He that inioyes a white Horse, and  
A faire and daintie wife:  
Must needes finde often cause, by each  
Of discontent and strife.



Diogenes Lanthorne

Chuse thy companions of the good,  
Or else conuerse with none:  
Rather then ill accompanied,  
Farre better be alone,

watch ouer wordes, for from the mouth,  
There hath much euill sprung,  
Tis better stumble with thy feete,  
Then stumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habite, Vertue tis,  
That doth aduance thy fame:  
The golden bridle bettets not  
A Iade that weares the same.

The greatest ioyes that euer were,  
Atlength with sorrow meetes:  
Taste hony with thy fingers end,  
And surfet not on sweetes,

A Lyer can doe more then much,  
Worke wonders by his lyes:  
Turne mountaines into mole-hills,  
And Elephants to flies.

Children that were vnfortunate,  
Their parents alwaies praise:  
And attribute all christi nesse,  
Vnto their fore-gone daies.

Whē sicknes enters healths strong holde  
And life begins to yeelde:  
Mans sorte of flesh to parley comes,  
And death must win the field.

The

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

The flatterer before thy face,  
With smiling lookes will stand:  
Presenting hony in his mouth,  
A Rasor in his hand.

The truly noble-mindedloues,  
The base and seruile, feares:  
Who euer tels a foole a tale,  
Had neede to finde him cares.

To meddle much with idle things,  
Would vexe a wise mans head:  
Tis labour and a wearie worke,  
To make a Dog his bed.

The worst wheele euer of the Cart,  
Doth yeelde the greatest noise,  
Three women make a market, for  
They haue sufficient voice.

Fir<sup>t</sup> leave all fooles desire to learne  
With stedfast fixed eyes:  
In this, All other Idiots are,  
And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lyon breathlesse lyes  
Whom all the Forrest feard,  
The very Hares, presumptuously  
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtst,  
Though inconuenience growe:  
A wiseman will not Seede-time loose,  
For feare of euerie Crowe.

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

One man can neuer doe so well,  
But some man will him blame:  
Tis vaine to seeke, plaie euerie man,  
Ioue cannot doe the same.

To him that is in miſerie,  
Doe not affliction adde:  
With ſorrow to loade ſorrowes backe,  
Is moſt extreameſly bad.

Show me good fruite on euill tree,  
Or Roſe that growes on Tiſtle,  
Ile vndertake at ſight thereof,  
To drinke to thee and whiſtle.

Censure what conſcience reſtes in him,  
That ſweares he Juſtice loues:  
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,  
To puniſh ſimple Doves.

There's many that to aſke might haue,  
By their odde ſilence croſt:  
What charge is ſpeech vnto thy tongue,  
By aſking, pray whats loſt?

He ſerues for nothing that is juſt,  
And faithfull in his place:  
Yet for his dutie well perform'd,  
Is not a whit in grace.

He makes himſelfe anothers ſlaue,  
And feares doth vnder goe:  
That vnto one being ignorant,  
Doth his owne ſecrets ſhow



Diogenes Lanthorne  
On Neptune wrongfull he complaines  
That oft hath bene in daunger:  
And yet to his deuouring waues  
Doth not become a straunger.

Age is an honorable thing,  
And yet though yeares be so,  
For one wise-man with hoary hayres,  
Three dozen fooles I knowe.

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